

The Carleton Sentinel

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Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

WOODSTOCK, N.B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

NO 49

Poetry.

[By Request.]

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

I'm standing by your grave, mother,
The wind is sobbing wild,
But the faint moaning of the wind
Is all the sound I hear.
Dark clouds are wreathed along the sky,
In many a heavenly fold,
But the moonlight on the frosty grass,
Gleams very pale and cold.

I'm standing by your grave, mother,
The wind is sobbing wild,
And the wintry stars look dimly down,
Upon your orphan child.
I tremble when the old trees toss,
Their branches to and fro,
But I'll shut my eyes and say the prayer,
You taught me long ago.

We had a happy home mother,
Upon the mountain side,
Where the little birds sang all day long,
Before dear father died.
Then mother dear your cheek grew pale,
And paled every day,
Until at length the angel came,
And bore you too away.

I had a gentle sister then,
She is not with me now,
For the gloomy shadows of the grave,
Lie on her baby brow.
When strangers meet around the fire,
Upon the old hearth stone,
Dear mother, in this cold wide world,
I wander all alone.

The morning sun looked dimly down,
O'er frozen world and wild,
And kissed the little pallid cheek,
Of that poor orphan child.
She feels no more the stinging blast,
Nor heeds the cold winds wave,
The snow wreath is her winding sheet,
Upon her mother's grave.

Select Tale.

CHANGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

"There's no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered this individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm-kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers; "I've worked and slaved myself to death for him and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been short words and growling and fault-finding, until now I'm just determined to stand out and have my own way, or let things take their own course; and he'll find, after all, Melissy Talcott has got some spirit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusing and aggravation."

"To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I just shaved myself through harvesting, and got along with one girl."

"The more that man gets, the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman among all my acquaintances that would stand such treatment, and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her homely person on the kitchen floor; "if Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, I'll—I'll quit him—that's all!"

Mrs. Melissy Parsons had been a remarkably pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years had made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn and opinionated; and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged nor softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the aesthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated, he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still there was another side to this man. His affections were deep and tender, and a judicious and loving woman could have reached and influenced him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high-spirited, and really warm-hearted woman, with a good deal of petty social ambition, and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

Yet all these years the barns and storehouses, the lands and gold of Isaac Parsons increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and to be to them angels of a new covenant of household peace and tenderness. But, alas! alas! the sweet faces and all the beautiful ministrations of childhood never accomplished their mission; and, with hearts and tempers fretted, and soured, and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years growing over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake and a misery, and with blind eyes that would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only procured fiercer bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was no wise unreasonable, and for which her husband ought to have indulged her. But the manner of the request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then passionate words and angry retorts, till the husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But now as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it in a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on the magazine, which lay on the table, and they settled upon this passage, which completed a short sketch: "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

And these words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message or meaning; but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart, and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hung in yearning, golden, shifting beauty about her.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from among a score of others, who envied her that good fortune—and how those early days of their courtship came over the softened heart of the

woman, as the first winds of spring came up from the south, and go softly over the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyful bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and tender heart, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustfully, as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and how for a little while the thought of her being mistress of the great old farm house frightened the wits out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsons. She remembered, as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that! If she had controlled her temper then—if she had only been gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! If she had only borne her woman's burdens, and done her woman's duties! Here the wife and the mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron, and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind on any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat, with her apron to her eyes, rocking to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet, restless sunshine all about her—what went on in the woman's softened heart, only God and the angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel, which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun-browned and weather-beaten, yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment, as though he had doubted whether he had heard aright. His wife's face was bent over the bread, and he could not see her; but the words came a second time—

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quiet voice. It stole over his heart like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand beside Roger."

"I reckoned so, and so I thought I'd broil the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mrs. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to allow him to read. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have his chickens stewed, and his potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he preferred the former broiled and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the former dumb with astonishment, and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; and then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the daintily broiled chicken, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in among the obstreperous mirth, like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother. "Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it; for the wife as seldom consulted her husband's taste and convenience in these small, every-day matters, which make the happiness or irritation of our lives, as he did hers.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered round the table. There was little spoken at the meal, but a softer, kinder atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?"

"Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meetin'." Want anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with boughs of evergreen, around which scarlet berries hung their charms of rubies.

But the man's fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mrs. Parsons dropped his hand with an angry grunt, that "the thing would not work."

"Let me try, father," Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburnt forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmers brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet memories of the times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his face, and a smile in his eye, which he little suspected. And the softness and the smile stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons's heart, which had not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively and kissed his cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little domestic scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without speaking one word, but with a mixture of amazement, and something deeper, on his face, not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissy shan't repent that act—I say she shan't!" And when Isaac Parsons said a thing, every body knew he meant it.

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its vestures of purple and gold about the mountains, when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm yard. He had been absent all day in the city,

and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"O father! what have you got there?" they all clamored, as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the rather unsatisfactory reply.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breath of fragrant carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark-green groundwork trailed a russet vine and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—"There Melissy, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday mornin'! I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons's face, half of joy, half of something deeper.

"O Isaac!" She put her arm round the strong man's neck, and burst into tears.

The trio of the children stood still, and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, "don't give way now like this. I'm as hungry as a panther now, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse; and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard."

So the new carpet proved an olive branch of peace to the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons' heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride, and passion, and evil habits, was at last achieved; and in the farm house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-relinquishment, of gentleness and love, which was given unto those "who fear God and keep his holy commandments."

The Marriage Fee.

The late Dr. Bounton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned his money. "Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a sum less than three dollars—this for a few minutes service." "Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes." A few days afterwards the doctor was called on to splice a couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister. "Well, parson, I s'pose I must look over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed. I tell you, in the country. Shockin' nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I suppose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?" The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:—"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it." The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

Doctors' Visits.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what comfort we gather from a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten! Who hasn't seen the mother prying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant, that cannot speak, and that lies, how she looks into his face! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down and dare not say "hope!" Or is it the house-father that is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk! Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man; how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate—how great the delight of victory.

The Davenport's Outdo.

The following description of an old and well-known feat of jugglers in Ceylon is given in *All the Year Round*:

A man orders a woman to make a salaam to a lady or gentleman looking on, or to do something or other, and she refuses; then an altercation begins, and at last he seizes her and ties her up in a net. He then gives her another chance of obeying his behest, and on her refusal he pretends to be very angry, and sticks her into a wicker basket, and ties down the lid. He then calls out to her, and she replies from within. He asks her if she will do what he is told to do. She still refuses. Thereupon he seizes a sword and sticks it in every direction into the basket. He then calls again, but there is no answer. He kicks the basket, and it rolls along as if empty. He affects surprise, opens the lid, and draws out the net in which the woman had lain; all the knots are unfashioned. Then, after a while, the spectators hear a voice behind them, and on looking round there stands the woman smiling, and she makes her salaam voluntarily, or else she comes running from a distance.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They show a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft drawn on them by their humble customers.

Truth eternal to earth shall rise again,
The cruel years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Cases of Extreme Corpulence.

One of the most corpulent persons known was Mr. Lambert, of Leicestershire, who weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds, (fourteen pounds to the stone.)

At Hainton, there died in 1861, Samuel Sugars, aged 52; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754, died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing, in Essex; his body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds, requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington, near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keyser mentions a young man in Lincoln who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker in Pye Corner weighed thirty-four stones, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water, gruel, and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Master Collet, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone; when nearly twelve years old he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed, one of whom, in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw, in Cornwall, there was a man known by the name of Grant Chilcoat, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.

Our poet Butler must have met with some such enormous creatures in the type of his Saxon Duke, who, in Hudibras,

"—did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate groats and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling."
—London Magazine.

Silent Influence.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or winding cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God. But one Niagara is enough for the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbour, that it is to be done.

Squeezing.

While we are growing very sensitive, indeed, in the matter of dress as far as boots, Balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks, we are degenerating in some other matters quite important. The corset is now a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe, and alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the laces until her breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal. We say nothing against a well-shaped corset worn loose, but there lies the difficulty. A loose corset injures the appearance of the figure instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is, don't squeeze, whatever you do; you may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are as bad as a large waist. First, you will surely have dyspepsia, and grow yellow, and cross, and unhappy; secondly, your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly, dinner will be misery; sixthly, your shoulder-blades will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly, you will break down at thirty or thereabouts, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen generally do not admire what dressmakers call a "pretty figure" so much as a natural one, may have some influence.

A professor of legerdemain was exhibiting in the neighborhood of a colliery, and after performing some tricks, asked the loan of a half-penny. A collier handed him one, which the juggler shortly announced had been transformed into a sovereign, which he exhibited. "An't that my babbee?" asked the astonished collier. "Undoubtedly," was the reply. "Let me see it, will 'ee?" The request was complied with, and the collier, turning it round and round with admiration, at last put it in his pocket, exclaiming, "Now, 'ee warrant 'ee'll no turn it into a babbee again."

TEMPTATION.—It is a terrible crisis in a life when all the principles of right and wrong are swept away before the stormy gust of temptation. Then the crime itself seems endued with a strange infirmity to human nature, the criminality creeping on like the gentle darkening of twilight into night, until only the last step of all remains, that which stamps the name upon the deed, and it has grown to seem a very little thing, no worse than the thousand acts which have preceded it.

ANYTHING FOR AN EXCUSE.—A few days ago a young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored of her, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay here so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

What is the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy? One pounds away, and the other weighs a pound.

If you wished your son to get on in trade, what business would you advise him to mind?—His own.

Items, Foreign & Local.

A material reduction in the British army is rumored for next year.

The project of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama has been again revived.

The Sioux Indians demand from the U.S. Government that their annuities be paid to them in gold.

It is said that five million dollars worth of silk is annually manufactured in the United States.

Wm. Roupell, ex M. P., and convicted forger, is employed on the extension works of Chatham Dock yard.

The Freeman says, a man named Clarke, working in Clarke's Mills, Carleton, had his arm cut off above the elbow on Monday last. He was putting a sash to the circular saw, when his foot slipped and he fell, so that his arm struck the saw. It was cut off instantaneously of course.

The planters in the lower counties of Maryland have agreed to pay their laborers slaves annual wages, varying from \$60 to \$100.

The Telegraph says, that a fine Red Deer, a buck, was captured and killed on Wednesday evening last in the garden of H. Boyer Smith, Esq. Wellington Row, St. John.

A publishing house in New York runs forty-three steam presses of the largest size, and uses an average of 34,372 reams of printing paper per annum, equivalent to 3,300,000 duodecimo volumes of 240 pages each, or 1,650,000 volumes of 480 pages each.

Petroleum was not known in France in 1860; in 1861, 40 casks were sent there as a curiosity; in 1862, 3,094 were sent, there as an experiment; in 1863, the demand there brought 29,197 casks; and this year, so far, 56,672 casks have been sent to Marseilles.

Dr. David Turnbull, of Stanley, York County, slaughtered the other day, a porker which weighed, when dressed, five hundred and eighty pounds. It was only a little over two years old.

The San Jose Mercury says the wife of Jose Castro, of Monterey, has given birth to thirty-six children, all of whom are living together in this country. The first twenty are twins, each pair representatives of either sex. Of the remaining children, eleven only were singly born.

The P. E. Island Herald says:—"From what we have learned, we believe that those of our Delegates who endeavor to force it (Confederation) through our legislature are: Hone, George Coles, Col. Gray, W. H. Pope, Edward Whelan, T. H. Haviland."

To Mr. Palmer, for his refusal to sign the Report of the Conference, all honor is due, and we trust, may we feel sure, that the people of this Colony will remember it to his advantage."

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has decided that notes given to pay gambling debts are void.

A man was convicted of stealing \$700 in Nevada lately, and hung for it twenty-four hours after.

In England, in the month of October, thirty-four firms suspended, with liabilities to the extent of sixteen million dollars.

Punch says, The national debt incurred by the Federal States up to the present time is calculated to amount to about \$400,000,000. Almost all that money has been spent in making widows and orphans. How many wars and children would half of it have made happy!

The sister of Jules Gerard, the lion hunter, to whom the tidings of his sad loss by drowning in an African river was inconsiderately imparted, fell dead by sudden asphyxy.

A grandson of Louis Philippe lately married the eldest daughter of the emperor of Brazil, who will be empress of Brazil when Don Pedro dies. Another grandson of Louis is to marry the other Brazilian princess.

Captain Howard, heir to the earldom of Wicklow, died in Dublin recently from dysentery produced by excessive drinking.

We learn from Smyrna that Turkey will raise from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 bales of cotton this year, without counting the Egyptian crop. Thus has secession benefitted the Mussulmans.

Infant schools are to be established in Boston, a system having been devised to extend to all parts of the city. The schools are to be free, and pupils from all quarters will be received. The chief object is to reach the vast number of tender age, for whom no schools are furnished but the fearful ones of the lanes and streets.

In China, the salt water wells are illuminated by means of the gas which issues from the ground.

Massachusetts has but 2,500,000 people all told; yet her machinery does the work of over 1,000,000, 000 able-bodied men.

Pittsburg, Pa., has forty-six foundries, consuming forty-six thousand tons of metal annually, and paying a million of dollars in wages.

Oliver Mowatt, Esq., Postmaster General of Canada, having taken the Vice-Chancellorship vacated by the death of Mr. Esten, Mr. W. P. Howland has been made Postmaster General, with a seat in the Cabinet.

San Francisco papers say that a tree, the trunk being 30 feet in circumference and 325 feet high, has been cut down lately in California. It yielded 250,000 feet of good timber.

A New York soldier came home from the war last week with both his legs shot off, and \$700 bounty in his pocket. His wife, who had taken a great dislike to the poor fellow on account of his crippled condition, stole his money and ran away with it.

Elisha Burritt, the learned blacksmith, whose thoughts seem to run on the material he has been so long accustomed to hammer, says more than 10,000 tons of steel are put into crucible in Christendom annually.

There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; one way of obtaining publicity—advertising: the newspaper is the fly-wheel by which the motive power of commercial enterprise is sustained, and money the steam by which the advertising is kept going.—So says Blackwood.

A Chinese Joss House, or temple for heathen worship, was dedicated in San Francisco on the 22d of August. It cost eighty thousand dollars. A band of tapestry, embroidered with feathers and gold and silver thread, which adorns the place, cost \$150 per yard, and the whole building blazes with gold leaf and tinsel. The priests shout, screech, yell, groan, spin around amid the racket of gongs, drums, and flutes, and smoke opium, until they are quite drunk when others relieve them.

The question of annexation of Central America to the Mexican Empire is being discussed. There is no probability, however, of any thing of the kind being carried out, as every government in Central America is opposed to such a movement.

The Portland, Me., Press says:—"Never in the history of this republic have the loyal people submitted more gracefully to the voice of the majority than in the last Presidential election. And we have no doubt the 'second sober thought' of thousands who voted against Mr. Lincoln, approves the result, and that they inwardly rejoice over it. The great problem of self-government was settled more decisively than at any period since the revolution, over which result the liberty-loving people of the world are rejoicing."

It is stated that nearly a quarter of a million copies of two sermons by Spurgeon, the famous English preacher have been sold.

General News.

In a late issue of the Toronto "Globe" that journal undertakes to show how Upper Canada will soon outvote both Lower Canada and the Maritime Provinces in the Lower House of the Confederation. Lower Canada is always to have sixty-five votes, and the representation of the other Provinces is to be arranged on this basis. For instance, if at present Lower Canada has a population of 1,300,000 persons, this will give one representative to every 25,000 persons. But when Lower Canada's population increases to 2,000,000 persons, she will still have only 65 representatives, which will be one to every 40,000 persons. The "Globe," taking Prince Edward Island as the basis for the Lower Provinces, assumes that the increase in the Maritime Provinces will be the same as in Lower Canada, so that if we double our population in thirty years and Lower Canada will double hers in the same time, our proportion of representatives will be the same. But, whilst Lower Canada is doubling her population, Upper Canada will treble hers, and, of course, increase her representatives in proportion. This is a simple enough. The only wonder is that the Upper Canada party would allow it. The Upper Province, with only one interest to sustain—the agricultural—will, it seems to us, rule the whole country with its varied manufacturing, mercantile, shipping and fishing interests. Perhaps it would be well for Mr. Tilley to touch upon this matter to-night.—Globe.

Toronto, it seems, fears an invasion. At a meeting of the City Council, held on the 14th, the Mayor, answering to an enquiry as to whether he had any information in his possession relative to an intended raid to be made upon Canada by the Fenians of Buffalo and other places, said he might inform the Council that he had received communication from Buffalo that day in reference to the matter, and the contents of the letter were of such a nature, that he had considered it necessary to communicate with the Provincial Secretary. When, or from what point, the intended raid was to be made, he was not prepared to say. It was stated to take place this winter. Until he received permission from the Provincial Secretary, he was not prepared to lay the matter before the public. It would puzzle even the Fenians themselves to tell what benefit to them a raid on Toronto would be.—Globe.

THE WOOD TRADE.—The clearances of wood-laden ships at this port for the fortnight ending 22d. November, were in 8 vessels of 4,941 tons, carrying 125 tons pine, 1484 tons pine and 3,407,000 superficial feet of deals. They were sent as follows:—To Liverpool, 3 vessels of 2,877 tons, carrying 788 tons pine and 2,050,000 superficial feet of deals; to Clyde, 1 vessel of 640 tons, with 75 tons birch, 496 tons pine and 134,000 superficial feet of deals; to Bristol Channel, 2 vessels of 500 tons, carrying 50 tons birch and 426,000 superficial feet of deals; to Ireland, 1 vessel of 673 tons, with 536,000 feet of deals; to "other ports," 1 vessel of 218 tons with 201,000 superficial feet of deals.

The total amount sent home this year since January 1st, was 135,038,000 superficial feet of deals, 14,030 tons pine, 10,708 tons birch,